



A Great Net of Mercy drawn through
an Ocean of Unbearable Pain
The American Red Cross

IT COST ONE DOLLAR TO SAVE THIS LIFE

Perhaps It Was Your Red Cross Dollar That Gave This
Broken Flier His Chance to Live.

By BRUCE BARTON
of the Vigilantes.

From the ground they could see that there was something the matter with his machine. And even while they watched through their glasses he began to fall.

A minute later the little Ford ambulance was puffing its way across the five miles of shell-stricken road that lay between them and him.

They found him beside the machine. He was unconscious, but a tree had broken his fall.

"Just in the nick of time," said the doctor crisply. "He'll be a pretty sick boy for a few weeks, but we'll have him all right again and back with his French comrades."

So they put him into the little Ford ambulance, and—less than an hour after they saw him fall he was safe in a clean white bed.

"That's what it means to have plenty of equipment, plenty of ambulances and doctors and bandages and everything," said the Red Cross man who told me. "It means the difference in getting there on time or getting there just a minute too late."

"Wonderful!" I answered. "And how much did it cost you to make that trip—to save that one French boy's life?"

He flushed a little. "We don't measure it in terms of money."

"I know it. But what do you think it cost," I persisted—for gasoline and the trip and the bandages and all?

"Perhaps a dollar, maybe two. But why do you ask?"

"A dollar?" I answered. "A dollar to save a boy's life! To send him home again from the war to the mother and father who have scanned every headline and waited breathlessly for every visit of the letter carrier! Can a dollar do a miracle like that?"

"It can," said the Red Cross man. And then the thought occurred to me that perhaps it might have been one of my dollars.

It was somebody's dollar that did it. It might have been mine—or one of yours.

Who knows?

RED CROSS SPECIAL TRAIN

Three Thousand Mile Dash Across Russia to
Succor Roumania—Heroic Work Required.

Poor little Roumania, once so happy and so beautiful! Robbed of its rich lands by German hordes, its people driven back upon themselves, the once picturesque city of Jassy is now crowded beyond its limits with the country's destitute and starving.

Nothing but the most heroic efforts of the American Red Cross has kept Roumania from actually disappearing from among the nations of the earth. When all those who could leave the country had fled Henry W. Anderson, American Red Cross commissioner to that outraged country, stuck to his post. Diseased, starving and ragged people were all about him. The cause seemed hopeless. Even Red Cross money could buy nothing in Roumania, for the country was stripped.

So Anderson appealed to our Red Cross in Russia. There were supplies there, but how could they be carried the 3,000 miles that separated Petrograd from Jassy. Russia was struggling against internal disorder, which in the Ukrainian territory was civil war. Even with the authority and protection of the Bolshevik government the case seemed hopeless.

Yet help came—a whole train load under the charge of Lieutenant Magnuson of the American Red Cross in Russia. And Anderson sent this cable:

"We are today distributing food and clothing to more than 10,000 people and increasing numbers every week. Expecting shipment of four more cars of food from Odessa this week. By extraordinary effort we believe we can continue purchase of sufficient supplies to carry on work."

And so our Red Cross is showing all the world that not only are our men ready to fight for the right, but are ready to help all those others who are in this battle for freedom.

A GRUELLING NIGHT FOR THE CANTEN MAN

A Red Cross Canteen man wearily banked the fire under the kettles. Their billet is in an old house near by. By the light of a candle the Red Cross convoyer undresses and rolls into his blankets. Suddenly there comes a sharp, cracking sound, and a red flare lights up the room. The convoyer rolls quickly out of his bunk, catches up his blankets and runs down the rickety stairs to the cellar. There he finds his French assistant and a lot of soldiers. They exchange nods and then sent themselves on boxes. Four more sharp, cracking noises follow in rapid succession, and a mournful roar. This is only the beginning of an artillery duel which lasts all night.

At break of day the Red Cross man bestirs himself, shakes his assistant and rumbles up the stairway out into the yard. It is strewn with debris. A shell struck the next house in the night and blew out the wall. The convoyer and his man set to work gingerly, for the air is chill. They poke the fire and throw on fresh wood and then set to work to prepare the food. Within an hour the canteen is ready for business.

This is a sample night of a Red Cross Canteen man at the front.

THE NEW JOAN OF ARC



Contributed by W. A. Starnes.

I BELIEVE IN THE UNITED STATES

By Jesse Lynch Williams of the Vigilantes.

Have you read "The American's Creed," that quintessence of Americanism, in 100 words, by William Tyler Page? The creed that won the \$1,000 prize out of 2,000 competitors?

Well, if you have not, you must. And if you have, you have not done enough. You should learn it by heart. Every child in the country should master it like the multiplication table. It will do far more good and, incidentally, it does not take so long. It should be made a part of the "opening exercises" at every school. It should be recited standing as with the Apostles' Creed in some of our churches.

Here it is. Examine it closely and you will see why it won the prize:

THE AMERICAN'S CREED:

"I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes."

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag and to defend it against all enemies."

You see what Mr. Page has done? You see why this one out of the 2,000 contributed won the prize? Instead of attempting to say something "original," the author has done something far more important and permanent. He has drawn upon the immortal documents known to all of us, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the federal oath of allegiance, Washington's farewell address, Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, one of Webster's speeches, Edward Everett Hale's story, "The Man Without a Country," "The Star-Spangled Banner," the army and navy regulations, the great seal of the United States, etc. He has culled from each of them and has made a composite, not of mere fine-sounding phrases, but of the fundamental faith, the sacred belief in all that is implied by the term "Americanism." It fairly reeks with Americanism. And yet there is no blatant spread-eagle jingoism in this calm confession of faith. It is as dignified as it is sincere. It is a notable literary performance, because it is a great patriotic expression. And all in 100 words!

A tour de force.

The author, it is interesting to note, is a descendant of a President of the United States, John Tyler, and also of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Carter Braxton. He lives in Friendship Heights, Maryland, near Washington. He was born in Frederick, Maryland, the birthplace of Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and was educated in Baltimore. This is a curious coincidence in view of the fact that Baltimore, the birthplace of our national song, offered this patriotic prize. It is hardly necessary to add that these personal facts were not known until after the award was made.

All the manuscripts were of course submitted anonymously.

Now, Mr. Page has done his part. Mr. Henry S. Chapin, of New York, who suggested the idea, has done his part. Mr. Matthew Page Andrews, who engineered it, has done his part. The rest of us must do our part to make this patriotic effort effective. With all due respect to our youthful training many of us were allowed to grow up with the idea that "our country" meant little more than the place where we happen to live. This mistake must never be allowed to occur with another generation. One does not think of one's family merely as the people with whom one happens to live! You "belong" to your family, your family belongs to you. And so with your country. One reason why this nation has been so slow to awaken to its peril and its responsibilities is, or was, our deplorable lack of national consciousness. We are now, however, at the dawn of a new era. Probably there is not a man, woman, or child in the United States, provided he be in his right mind, who has not today a different feeling, a stronger reaction to the words, "my country," than three or four years ago.

It was for the furtherance of this feeling that this project of an American creed was originated. It was formally accepted in the name of the United States government by the speaker of the house of representatives on April 3 and by the United States commissioner of education. If properly disseminated the patriotic effect should be enormous. It might be well for the churches to take it up as well as the schools. Department stores should be willing to print it in their advertisements as they do appeals for Liberty bonds. It should appear on theatrical programs, baseball scorecards, magazine covers.

Meanwhile Mr. Charles B. Falls, the artist, is making a dignified decorative border to be reproduced with the creed for the use of schools and in small sizes for post cards.

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ED C AND PRISONERS

national News Service.) June 17.—Austrian have ed in their first onrush British front in Italy and organizing, the war office might.

re 17.—Italians have so \$17 prisoners, the war ces. The total includes y the British and 261 We are offering effec- m to the enemy's ad- he statement. A fierce ing along the line of o and Crest to Stand ight bank of the Plave. are continuing "pow- in efforts to extend on of Montello into the plains bet- steau and Mont y's efforts were to terrific losses suff- sterday. Italian, B- troops have regain- al points on this front.

CLAIM PRISONERS

mal News Service.) 17.—"Franco-Ameri- have been captured by the Vosges," the war is.

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ual News Service.) 17.—The British er, Patia, was tor- c June 13 by a sub- icer and fifteen men

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ual News Service.) June 17.—Pershing's : "There have been velopments at any y our troops. There y fighting in the sector.

INT WAS IT?

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AMAGES.

June 17.—In the llams against the ville railroad, the stiff a verdict for uns was injured in wreck last De- been on crutches

AM. JULY 17.

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CLAIMS.

News Service.) —German troops the Austrian of office statement increased to 12, s have captur- ed more groun

ORK.

Mrs. J. O. Hot- their home on Sou-